The Phantom Lover By Ruby Ayres

BECAUSE I'm so ashamed," Esther said in a stifled voice. "I'm not worth loving—I've oh, you don't know how I've treated him!" June was silent for a minute, then

ter—it makes me feel in my heart that further down over his eyes as he answered—"No, nothing " "I'll see you at Dover" here were many people on the pist-form; in the next carriage a pretty girliform; in the next carriage and the next carriage a pretty girliform; in the next carriage and the next carriage a pretty girliform; in the next carriage and the

He saw the color creep into her face.
"You've told me ever so many times that you hated me," he went on quickly,
"but you've never told me that you
" loved me, Esther!"

out the candle, and sped up to her own room again like a ghost in the moonlight.

"Was there anything else you was wanting, sir?" Driver inquired stolldly. He stood an the platform looking in at the first-class compartment where Micky sat alone in durance vile, waiting for the train to start.

He frowned, and pulled his soft hat further down over his eyen as he answered—
"No, nothing * * I'll see you at Dover."

There were many people on the start was the did or what became of her.

"You're so much, much too good for me, and I've done nothing for you—I haven't even been * * onice! I can't tell you what I feel about it all—I only know that—just lately—you've—you've made everything seem so different—since you wrote me that letter—it makes me feel in my heart that it's always really been you—always you, and never * * never any one else "Darkley in the condition of the condition of

June was silent for a minute, then she said gently—
she said gently—
"But Micky will forget all that—
"But Micky never remembered a mean thing against anybody in his life." She forced against anybody in his life. "But force in him.

Then suddenly she took his hand in both of hers; she bent her head and klassed it with a sort of passionate gratitude that brought a mist to Micky's eyes. He seemed to see her all at once as he had first seen her that New Year's leve; alone, unhappy—with nobody to care what she did or what became of her.

"You're so much, much too good for me," she said brokenly. "You've done everything for me, and I've done nothing

SUNNY DUCROW

YOU'LL like Sunny. EVERYBODY does. SHE worked in a pickle factory. BUT she didn't stay there. SHE swapped pickles for cherries WHEN they were ripe. FOR what is opportunity BUT a bunch of cherries? SUNNY becomes a great actress. A SUCCESSFUL business woman AND A HAPPY wife. WHAT more can you demand of a story THAN that it be told well AND END happily? THE story is written by HENRY St. John Cooper A GRANDSON OF Henry Russell, FAMOUS old-time song-writer, AND it will begin

Evening Public Tedger

TOMORROW in

with scared eyes.

For a moment Micky did not move; he was like a man turned to stone. There the blood rushed to his face in a crim-son tide; he broke out into stammering speech.

Speech you What what I thought He swayed forward a little and caught her hands You are real—I thought hought I was Just imagining it all; hought •• oh, wait a moment."•• e sat down and leaned his head in his

Esther stretched a timid hand to him

Esther stretched a timid hand to him ser voice shook as she said—
"Oh. I thought * * I thought perhaps out do be glad to see me—just * * * just it little glad * * * "Glad!" Micky echoed the word with limost a shout. He got up and went with the stretched of the should be shoul nds "If that's all you've got to say t

she began trembling. drew her hands down; he force

look at him; for n long moment cs searched her face dishelley not daring to hope * * cheeks flamed, but she met his Micky drew a long breath; he passed hand across his eyes as if to awaken

See hravely.

Micky drew a long breath; he passed a hand across his eyes as if to awaken himself.

Then all at once he seemed to realize that this was in very truth the woman he wanted sitting beside him; that she was here and for his sake; that he was alone and unhappy no longer; and that after all the weeks of hunger and restlessness he had got his heart's desire.

He looked down at her tremulous face with eyen of passionate tenderness.

"Is this my w fe?" he asked hoarsely.

"If you will want me."

"Want you" Micky caught her to him. "Haven't I always wanted you? " "Want you" Micky caught her to him. "Haven't I always wanted He hent his head toward her."

Esther " " when did you " " " when did you " " " when his feed to ward her."

Esther " " when did you " " " when his feed toward her."

The roll stirring he side down from the rack.

"Was you—was you wanting to send the rack.

"Was you—was you wanting to send a wire, sir?" he asked stolidly.

Micky looked at the girl beside him. "Send June one from Paris," she said.

"I don't know what she'll say."

But June might have been expecting the wire, judging from the calm way in which she received it: she showed it to Rochester as if it were nothing out of the way; she looked over his shoulder as he read it.

"Married in Paris this morning. Love from Mr. and Mrs. Micky."

She laughed and met Rochester's eyes; there seemed to be an inquiry in his. June hesitated a moment, then she noded.

And forty-eight hours later Micky and was here and the index of the way; she looked over his shoulder as he looked over his shoulder as he looked and met Rochester's eyes; there seemed to be an inquiry in his. June hesitated a moment, then she noded.

And forty-eight hours later Micky and water missel he was you.

He bent his head toward her.

"Esther" " when did you " when did you first " think that you liked the " just a little"

Her head drooped; he could not see her face.

her face.
I don't know," she said in a whisner.
I don't know," she said in a whisner. "In Paris," he urged, "or before. Tell

"I think it was in Paris—after after I saw Raymond!

You were so kind so different."
He laughed ruefully.
"I was nearer hating you then than ever in my life."

"I'm not expecting to have a good time." he answered.

The train was slowly moving; June ran a few steps to keep up with it. Micky blurted out his question at last—"Miss Shepstone * * Esther * is she all right. June?"

June smiled.

"Oh, she's first rate," said said airily. "She's gone away for a holiday * * Good-by." She fell back laughing and waving her hand.

Micky kept his head out of the window up with a slam.

Gone away for a holiday * on the engine blown backward shut out all sight of her, then he drew in, dragging the window up with a slam.

Gone away for a holiday, had she?—well—it was nothing to him. He turnest round to go back to his seat in the corner, then stopped dead, staring as if he had seen a ghost; for Esther was sitting there just behind him, looking up at him with scared eyes.

For a moment Micky did not move; he

"Paris is full of clothes." he told her.
We'll stay just long enough to buy what
you want, and then we'll go south,
Eather, you've never seen the south of
France in springtime, have you? I'll
take you there for our honeymoon."
She drew back a little.
"But, Micky—there's June—what will
she say—what will she think?"
"She'll think that you've behaved
semilily—at last!" he answered audaclously. "June knew she wouldn't see
either of us again for some time when
we left her at Victoria—June is a most
discerning woman."
"She's a dear," said Esther warmly.
I owe all my happiness to her."

"She's a dear," said Esther warmly.

I owe all my happiness to her."

Micky pretended to look offended.
"I was under the delusion that you owed it to me," he said with dignity.
"To you!" Her face changed wonderfully; she bent her head and kissed the sleeve of his coat.
"I can't talk about what I owe you—"Us just—everything!"

Micky drew himself up a dignified tech.

"I'm beginning to think I'm a very wonderful man, do you know?" he said, aldressing some imaginary person. Driver appeared at the door; he hestated for just the faintest possible moment when he saw Esther, but his face was as stolid as eve.

Micky rose to the occasion, though he upped rather red.

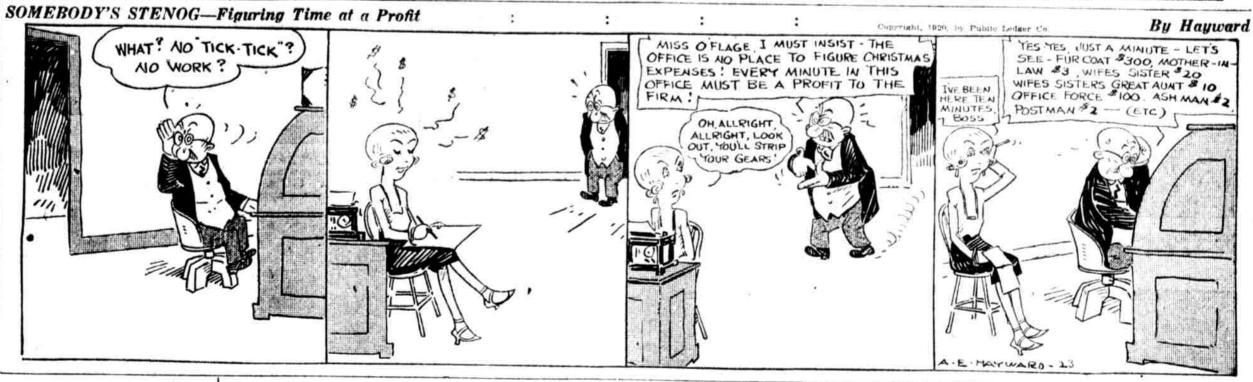
arned rather red. if he felt surprised he did not show it. He took Esther's suitcase down from

And forty-eight hours later Micky and Esther read her reply just as they were leaving for the flower fields of France. "Married in London this morning— June and George."
"Some people have no originality."

"Some people have no originality."
Micky complained in pretended disgust.
"But if they're half as happy as we are." Esther said shyly.
Micky looked scornfully skeptical.
"Oh, well! If you're going to expect the impossible "" he submitted.

THE END (Copyright, 1920, by Bell Syndicate, Inc.)







The young lady across the way says sugar isn't once mentioned in the Bible and she supposes they had to use honey in their coffee.

